

RATIFIED THE NOMINATION OF BRYAN AND STEVENSON.

Stirring Speeches at the Meeting at City Hall Tuesday Evening.

Why the Democratic Ticket Will Be Successful in November— Republican Fallacies Exposed—Imperialism Is the Paramount Issue.

Canton Democrats ratified the nomination of Bryan and Stevenson, under the auspices of the Jefferson Democratic club, at city hall, Tuesday night. The hall was well filled and the speech-making lasted two hours. An odd half dozen speeches held the audience until 10 o'clock, and imperialism and bimetalism were the issues discussed.

Several of the speakers announced did not respond, but the meeting did not lack any ginger on that account. The spirit seemed to move Canton Democrats to say something good, and the speakers were all liberally applauded.

President Frank Kessler, of the Jefferson Democratic club, called the meeting to order at 8:05. He spoke briefly, and introduced Mr. Archibald McGregor as chairman of the meeting. He paid that venerable Democrat a splendid tribute. "We are naming for chairman tonight," said the speaker, "a man who has fought the battles of Democracy for more than half a century; who has fought all the Republican fallacies from the time he was a boy—our venerable friend, the Hon. Archibald McGregor." Mr. McGregor was warmly applauded as he took the stand.

OPENING THE SPEAKING.

Mr. McGregor said: "Everything must have a beginning. This campaign has its beginning tonight. This year Bryan has had no opposition in his own party. The very men who opposed him four years ago were there to say that he was the leader. He made himself the mighty leader of the Democracy four years ago, and he has kept us alive ever since.

"Who of the eminent men on the other side has attempted to answer Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis address? None—and I doubt if any will. We all can congratulate ourselves that this campaign opens more auspiciously than it did four years ago. We are a united party; accessions are coming to us from every side; dissatisfaction pervades the Republican ranks—life-long Republicans will tell you that—and I anticipate that on the fourth of next March there will be a Bryan administration inaugurated to begin the new century. (Applause.) The present century was begun by the grand old Jefferson, and I can't think of any more worthy man to follow in his footsteps than William J. Bryan." (Applause.)

Mr. McGregor read in conclusion a little snatch of campaign verse that he had written four years ago, which he had published at the time. To it he had tacked a final stanza, bringing the effort up to date. He was warmly applauded when he concluded, and immediately called on Milton Shaffer.

TO FORM A CLUB.

Mr. Shaffer, addressing the chair, asked for an expression from the meeting on the question of the formation of a Bryan and Stevenson club, together with a ladies' Democratic club. In '96, Mr. Shaffer said, one of the greatest helps the Democracy received in Canton came from the ladies' club. Mr. Shaffer moved the appointment of a committee of three to consult on the organization of both clubs.

"I remember four years ago," said the chairman, "of the excellent work done by the ladies of the city for our cause. We found more bright women with us than we knew we had."

A half dozen others spoke for the formation of the new clubs. A marching club was proposed.

"The social side of the campaign means much," said Milton J. Braucher. "That is one very good reason for the organization of such clubs."

Milton Shaffer called attention to the fact that the club idea had been strongly urged by the chairman of the silver party; the chairman of the National Democratic committee, and William Jennings Bryan himself.

On Mr. Shaffer's motion to organize a club and appoint a committee to consider the details, the vote was a unanimous aye. The chair appointed on the committee Mr. Shaffer chairman, and Messrs. Rhoades Gregory and P. L. Manley.

Mr. Manley suggested the appointment of a man for each ward to work up the club membership. The suggestion was heartily concurred in; but the naming of the ward committees was left with the regular committee.

MR. RICE'S SPEECH.

There were calls for ex-Mayor James A. Rice, and finally for gentleman responded.

Mr. Rice said: "I recall very vividly the meeting held in this hall four years

ago at which the chairman of the meeting presided; and I know that this meeting is just as enthusiastic as was that meeting then. I think this is a splendid meeting with which to begin the campaign. It is a good evidence of enthusiasm for the Democracy. The opposition attempted to hold a meeting in this room two or three weeks ago, and if I am correctly informed, the meeting would not compare, either in numbers or enthusiasm, with our meeting here tonight.

"There's no evidence of enthusiasm on the other side, let me tell you, except it may be that which emanates from the recent trips of Mark Hanna to the Boston bankers and the capitalists of New England. (Laughter and applause.) There's this to be said, however: We start into this campaign with an impetus behind us that we did not have four years ago. For say what you will, many of our most sincere people scarcely knew where they stood in '96. It took time—they had not been allowed to study. Today that wavering is over. Our people know where they stand.

"A man in high office can stand vituperation and attack much more than can a private citizen. Now think, gentlemen, what must be required of Bryan, a once defeated candidate, against whom all the venom and spleen of the other party is discharged. Why, history doesn't record such a figure in the politics of any nation! (Applause.)

"For some time past our Republican friends have been wonderfully disturbed lest the platform would not mention 16 to 1. Why, anybody who has studied politics knows that nothing would have suited them better than for the Democracy to adopt a platform with no 16 to 1. They tell us Bryan is a man with a hobby. Why, read the speeches of great Republicans in the country on the paramount issue of imperialism. Read all you can find of these. Then read Bryan's Indianapolis speech. He stands out and above them; he is like a teacher looking down upon the pupils. (Applause.) He stands today unbent and unbroken, the strongest man in politics in our great Republic.

"Just a word more: No differences, no grievances, no petty jealousies should affect the fight this year. With so much to be attained by every voter, individually as well as collectively, should not we recognize our opportunities, and push forward, not only to the saving but to the perpetuation of this republic."

The audience called on Rhoades Gregory and that gentleman spoke extemporaneously for twenty minutes.

Mr. Gregory said: "After the defeat of '96, there was no doubt as to who would be the nominee of the Democracy in 1900. Never before has there been such a spontaneous tribute by the American people as that second nomination of Bryan was. Without patronage or money, or the banking power, the common, faithful people of this nation have given him their confidence, and their esteem, and their support. That platform, whose grade is its fundamental American principles, has never been excelled as a patriotic declaration, is American throughout. It stands for the American people. It not only discourages the trust evil—it stands for their utter annihilation.

FALSE PROMISES.

"The Republican party has been promising to remedy this trust evil, but what has it done? You all remember the Republican attorney general in Ohio, who battled with a great trust corporation, and fought it with all the strength that was in him. You remember how a Republican state convention did not know him—how it refused to give him any recognition at all. Hanna is now saying that some trusts are a good thing. Nobody doubts they have been good to the Republican party—and the Republican party believes in reciprocity in this, as in other matters.

"The platform of the Democracy this year was made by American patriots on the nation's birthday—on Independence day. It appeals to the souls and the minds of the American people. More than that, the platform is backed by the candidates whose appeal cannot be in vain—two candidates whom the American people love. I remember of hearing much four years ago about the commercial travelers, and which side they were on. The traveling men came to Canton one day, marched through that pagan arch up here, and proceeded to that somewhat famous front porch. (Laughter.) There they were told the

importance of the commercial travelers as factors in a campaign. But today we do not hear so much from the opposition about the traveling men. They have had enough of the trusts. They are with us, not against us. If they came to town now, they would probably not get quite such low excursion rates; the band, if it wished to give us something appropriate, would march at their head giving us the "Dead March of Saul," and they would tell us a different tale from what they did four years ago. In fact, all of the plain people have had

ENOUGH OF TRUSTS.

A rich man may favor the empire, or aristocracy idea, but the laboring man cannot afford anything but a democracy. You dare not, you laboring men, pass your influence on the side of the government representing force. There are two sources of government, you know, one the American declaration of independence, the other the European idea—that government rests upon force; that government derives its authority from force. That government is a thing 13 inches in diameter, round in shape and fired out of a cannon. (Applause.) The moment we put on the Philippines under the American flag, the doctrine of force, we endanger our liberty at home.

"This is the age of concentration of great monopolies. The benefit under Republican rule goes to them. For a quarter of a century the party in power has been denouncing them, yet they still live. Today, the country needs devotees, needs heroes. They are the men whose names will illuminate the pages of history. To save a republic is as noble as to create a Republic. If we should succeed, future generations will bless us. And we will not fail. We will elect, next November, those two splendid men who stand for a republic bounded on the north by the constitution; on the east by the Monroe doctrine; on the west by the declaration of independence, and on the south by the ten commandments. (Continued applause.)

Col. Nathan Holloway was called on and made a decided hit by singing, to the air, "Bye, Baby, Bye O," a little effusion in verse.

Col. Holloway's lyric production was frequently punctuated with applause.

CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Milton J. Braucher was called. He spoke briefly, for he complained that he had been "part of the audience" long enough to appreciate how it was.

"As that campaign four years ago was one of the most remarkable battles of education ever held in this country, so I want to predict that this campaign will be still more remarkable, for the people at last have been brought to realize that the fundamental principles of this government are at stake. "Are we going to abandon the principle of bimetalism? That's what the Republican platform says. No one has ever dared advance the theory that the gold supply of the world was sufficient for the world's trade. Money is a creature of law. Why, if the nations of this world had not treated the silver of this country the same as gold, where would silver be today?"

Ex-Prosecutor Atlee Pomerene was the last speaker of the evening. He was applauded loudly when he arose.

Mr. Pomerene said: "I don't know when I have seen a Democratic meeting so thoroughly in harmony as this. It seems to me that you are saying in your conduct tonight, that while there may be some differences among us on economic questions, there are no differences among us as true Americans. I have been something of a student of history, but I have never before read of the time when it was a crime for a people to say to a republic, 'you can't govern us without our consent.' Why—if this Philippine proposition had been made five years ago by a good American, he would have been righteously regarded

AS A TRAITOR to his country. (Applause.) Here is what I have been asking myself the past eight months:

"Am I to unlearn what I have read and been taught on human liberty? Our friends on the other side may attempt to say that gold is the great question at issue—but this question of freedom for the struggling patriots of the south Pacific is the most glorious of all issues, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not be down."

Mr. Pomerene was listened to with rapt attention during the entire twenty minutes of his speech. He was continually interrupted by applause, and was given a generous ovation when he concluded. Then at 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned.

FEARFUL WRECK.

Nine Lives Lost in a Smashup In a Fog Near Grand Rapids, Mich.

[News-Democrat Leased Wire Service.] Detroit, Aug. 15.—The Northland express and passenger train No. 2 on the Grand Rapids and Indianapolis railroad came together at Pierson, thirty miles north of Grand Rapids during a heavy fog at 5 o'clock this morning. Nine lives were lost and many injured. No names have yet been learned.

The trains came together head-on. Both the trains were badly smashed. There was a heavy fog and either the engineer misunderstood orders or could not see the signals.

The railroad company blames telegraph operator at Mill Creek who it is claimed slept at his post and gave the wrong information to the train dispatcher. Both the engineers were killed. The dead are: W. H. Fish and Gilbert Groothuis, engineers; Charles M. Lettis, conductor; Ed W. Woodhouse, fireman; Lewis Boyle, fireman and C. Pierson passenger, of Franklin, Ind. Fatally injured, R. Levan and M. Blossom, news agent.

There were also a number of others more or less seriously hurt.

Canton is progressing and improving. Numerous workmen are engaged in paving streets and there is a general tendency to get the improvements finished before fall. The council will have something to show for the expenditures of the season.

A CRY FOR WORK.

God, give me work! To thee I cry.
The busy millions pass me by.
They have no need for such as I.
O God of life, hast thou no need for me?
Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee?
Not at thy children and yet doth to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze,
Dear loving ears that slow with hunger craze.
O Father God, a father to thee pray!

To work, only to work, with hand or brain,
In sweat of brow, with labor's toil and strain,
The worker has his joy for every pain.

See, Lord, the useless hands are raised on high;
From out despairing hearts is wrung the cry:
Oh, listen ye, forever passing by!

—Charlotte Elizabeth Wells in Outlook.

THE MADNESS OF LOVE.

How a Physician Saved a Life In an Unprofessional Way.

It was springtime and noonday, and the soft breath of the year seemed laden with fragrant promises of bloom and color, while over the woods was stealing a fairylike mantle of green.

On such a day and in such a scene as this Evangeline Rohan felt as though the world should hold nothing of strife or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particular world in which she moved and breathed and had her being held little but the surface knowledge that such things existed, for fate had favored Evangeline and, not content with bestowing on her beauty of person and mind, had dowered her with the great gift of song in its divine perfection.

Now she sauntered down the winding pathway that led from her castle terrace to the copse beneath.

A man, following her with hesitating steps, as though he feared a repulse if he presented himself too suddenly, took courage to approach when the trees veiled them from the castle windows, and, though she made him welcome by neither word nor sign, walked at her side until the whim seized her to seat herself on a bank and search for the desultory flowers that were beginning to peep here and there.

It was at this moment that a visitor who had driven up to the castle in a dogcart descended and asked for Miss Rohan.

"I am afraid she is unable to see any one this morning," said the butler; "she is resting for tonight."

Dr. Harrowden knitted his brows in perplexity. He remembered that the singer had generously offered to throw open her castle to the public on that night and to give the first entertainment in her new theater for the benefit of a fund for wounded soldiers.

All the country were clamoring for tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid even for standing room, and report said the diva, having spared no pains or expense to make the occasion a success, was about to eclipse herself in a new part, specially written and composed for her, in an operatic adaptation of "Othello."

"The matter is a very urgent one," said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I have a request to make of Miss Rohan that can only be made personally. If you will risk her displeasure and allow me to make my way to her, I will take all the blame. I may say it is a question almost of life and death."

The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden as one whose reputation, even in a village practice, gave weight to his words, yielded and, telling him that mademoiselle had taken the path toward the copse, led him through the conservatory and directed him to the shortest way.

He came so suddenly upon the little clearing where Evangeline was that neither she nor her companion perceived him. She was standing up, a singular look on her beautiful face, which was bereft of its usual color, and both her hands were stretched out before her as though to ward off something that she dreaded and that yet fascinated her.

His face, a dark eyed, brown skinned one, with something in its southern intensity that marred its handsomeness, must have worn a threatening expression, for she recoiled with a little cry of alarm and, turning, saw Dr. Harrowden as he stepped toward her. "Ah, doctor," she said, a little shaken still, but smiling, "it is a long time since I have seen you, which speaks well for my health, though not for my hospitality. But you are coming tonight, I hope?"

"You have asked me to the castle most kindly," he answered quietly, "but I am a busy man, as you know, mademoiselle, and have to deny myself many pleasures. I have ventured to intrude on you, for which you must please lay the blame solely on me, because I have a little patient down there in the village whose recovery seems to depend entirely on you."

"On me?"

"My patient is a little child who has been at death's door through fever and whose one desire, night and day, has been to hear you sing. We thought it a delicious fancy that would pass, but it seems that, had she been well, she was to have come up to the castle one day when you sang to the villagers and that she lost her chance through this illness. She raves and weeps alternately and will not sleep, begging always to be taken to you so that she might ask you to sing one little song to her."

"Where is she? Take me to her, doctor, and I will sing to her at once."

Half an hour later, with all her soul in her exquisite voice, she was standing in the cottage singing a song of life and love to the bewildered villagers, while the sick child, propped up by pillows to hear the desire of her heart, cried out that it was an angel

who had come in answer to her prayer.

It was midnight, 12 hours since Eva had charmed away the shadow of death from the village home, and she was holding a great assembly hushed and spellbound, while her voice, no longer softened and subdued, rang with all its glorious power through the large opera hall which she had lately added to her castle.

It was the moment of her crowning triumph, the moment when Desdemona, realizing to the full her danger and the inflexible purpose of Othello, transformed by jealousy into a murderer, ceases to plead for her life and instead proudly and passionately declares her innocence.

Count Devas, the Italian singer who had already won universal applause for his wonderful rendering of Othello, faced her, the madness of rage that was consuming him portrayed vividly in every feature of his face, in every movement of his tense, nervous fingers.

There was silence, intense, dead silence, for an instant as Eva's last note died away, and then, as she covered her eyes with her hands, the count, with one swift step, was at her side, pressing with ruthless hands the cushion on her upturned face, and the curtain began slowly to descend on the death scene.

An electric thrill ran through the audience, the horror and despair of the tragedy before them seemed suddenly real and tangible, the scream, strangled in its birth, that came from the beautiful singer seemed an appeal to them for help, and then an amazing thing occurred.

In the excitement of the scene no one had noticed the sudden arrival in the hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and breathless, stood watching the descent of the curtain, until, apparently overpowered by impulse, he ran up the hall, leaped up to the stage and, springing across the footlights, threw himself upon the count.

In the desperate struggle that ensued, momentary as it was, before the paralyzed onlookers rushed to separate the combatants, no one noticed that Eva herself had not moved and lay still under the cushions.

There was the flash of a knife, an exclamation from Dr. Harrowden, and then, as he dropped, stabbed in the shoulder, a dozen hands were on the count, and, though he fought with the limitless strength of a madman, he was overpowered at last by numbers and carried off the stage, bound and helpless.

Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was only temporary, had risen already and, disregarding the help offered him, hurried to the couch and raised the cushions.

Eva lay there insensible, with the marks on her white neck where the count's fingers had gone near to suffocating her.

Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear to her lips and heart.

"She is not dead," he said briefly. "Carry her to her room. I will attend to her."

Wondering exclamations broke out on all sides. What had happened? Had the count really attempted Eva's life? How had the doctor been aware of her danger? and a thousand other questions and surmises. Later, when Eva, very weak and ill, had recovered consciousness, she told the story of the count's strange, wild love for her, an infatuation which had seized him when they first met in the opera house at Milan, of her inability to shake off the influence which he exercised over her, in spite of her dread and dislike of him, of his appearance at the castle when she was arranging the cast of "Othello," and imperious demand to be allowed to remain there and to play the title role.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she said to Dr. Harrowden when, after many days of suffering from the count's stiletto wound, he came, at her request to see her. "It was a miracle that you should have saved me as you did. A moment longer, and it would have been too late. How did you guess that his acting was reality?"

"The thanks are due really to yourself," he said gently. "Your kindness in singing to that poor little child was the cause of your preservation. I went to see her that evening and found her just awakened from a strange dream of you, which had left the impression on her mind that you were in danger. The beautiful lady with the angel's voice," she called you. She would not be comforted until I promised to go up to the castle and assure myself that no harm threatened you. Her persistence gave me a touch of anxiety, and it came to me with a sort of intuition as I watched the count that he was mad. I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems almost as if the child had second sight; but these coincidences do occur sometimes."

"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I owe my life. You risked yours for mine. Oh, tell me how to thank you!"

"I dare ask nothing," he said, "since I dare not ask too much."

And they were both silent.

But in their silence a hope and a promise lay. And there are some who say that the most beautiful singer of the day will exercise the prerogative that her pre-eminence gives to her and will make a romantic marriage entirely for her.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

The Way Humors Do.

"Oh, James, here's an account of 2 hen who laid five eggs in one day."

"Well, maybe she was getting ahead with her work so she could take a vacation."—Detroit Free Press.

He Tears It Off.

First Office Boy—Do you ever get to take a day off?

Second Office Boy—Now; only when I fix de calendar in de office.—Baltimore American.

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Administratrix Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of Stark county, Ohio, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on Saturday, the 25th day of August, 1900, at ten o'clock a. m., at the door of the court house of said county, the following described real estate, situated in the city of Canton, county of Stark, and State of Ohio, and being the north half of lot No. 2446, in said city of Canton, said premises being known as house No. 1918 East North street. Said property is appraised at Sixteen Hundred Dollars (\$1,600.00).

Terms of sale—One-third cash, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from day of sale, with interest, the payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

KATE M. KROHE,

Administratrix of the estate of Mary B. Krohe, deceased.

Canton, Ohio, July 25, 1900.

Miller & Pomerene, Attorneys.

July 27-7h

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Samuel B. Smith, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 25th day of July, 1900.

GEORGE F. HUMBERT,

Administrator, with will annexed.

Application for Pardon.

Notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of Ohio State Board of Pardons an application will be made for the pardon of Evan Wallace, convicted at the May term, 1900, of the Court of Common Pleas of Stark county, of the crime of assault with intent to rob, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Ohio Reformatory until discharged by law.

(Signed) **MRS. EVAN WALLACE.**

a3dw

Teachers' Examinations.

The Board of Examiners of Stark county will meet at Canton for the examination of applicants for Teachers' Certificates, on the FIRST Saturday of each of the following months:

September, October and November, 1899.

January, February, March, April, May, June and July, 1900.

Examination of pupils under the Boxwell Law, at Canton, on the THIRD Saturday of May term, and on the THIRD Saturday of May, 1900.

All examinations begin promptly at 9:15 A. M. All work must be done with pen and ink.

Examinations will be held in the Central High school building.

J. A. SYLER, Clerk, New Berlin

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the Joint Board of County Commissioners of Stark and Columbiana Counties, Ohio, at the Kepler House, Alliance, Ohio, up to 11 o'clock a. m., September 24, 1900, for the erection of a Water Tower and Tank at the Fairmount Children's Home, Alliance, Ohio.

Plans, specifications and proposals can be secured at the offices of the Auditors of the respective counties.

A \$1,000 certified check must accompany each bid.

By order of the Joint Board.

M. M. SOUTHWORTH, Supt. Fairmount Children's Home, Alliance, Ohio.